

About Plays
and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

HENRY W. SAVAGE, Broadway opera, "The Merry Widow," with an all-star cast. He may not do it until next season, but that he is considering the idea is not denied at his office. He is also thinking of making a spring production of "Excuse Me" in musical form. If this is done Jerome Kern will furnish the tunes. Mr. Savage is at present in the waters of Florida on his yacht, but he is expected to return to New York Monday.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

(Henry Barker of Omaha) says that when he was married he "kissed his wife." Oh, Henry, dear! Please listen here! I'm not much on advising. If you should frown and call me down it would not be surprising. For 'taint my affair, yet I feel that I'd really better advise you how to treat a frau when once you chance to get her. If she makes bread, don't shake your head and tell her it is frightful. For, if you do, she'll sure "fix" you in manner not delightful. She'll have her way; you'd best obey when or where she is giving. Be sweet and kind and you will find that life is worth the living. If you'll agree with her, why she will think you simply dandy. The rolling-pin is too handy. There'll be much joy for you, old boy, if you'll be somewhat cunning. To "run a wife" without much strife, just let her do the "running."

WANGER HAS HIS WOES.

Walter Wanger, manager of Nazimova's new starring vehicle, "Cepion Shools," was a worried young man yesterday. He had been told by P. Ray Comstock, who controls the Princess, where Nazimova is playing, that "Cepion Shools" would have to get out Saturday night in order that the stage might be used for rehearsing Mr. Comstock's latest musical play, "Oh, Boy!" Mr. Wanger's attraction has been selling out at each performance and he couldn't land another theatre. Just as his trouble cloud looked darkest, however, Les Shubert interceded for him and Mr. Comstock agreed to let Nazimova remain at the Princess through next week. After that another Shubert house may be available. Mr. Wanger was so relieved he went out automobile in a red racer and scooted rather and thither joyously.

MISS COWL REALLY WROTE.

People in theatrical circles have been wondering if Jane Cowl really helped write "Lilac Time," in which she is soon to be seen at the Republic. It has been announced that the play is by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. To dispel all doubt in the matter it may be stated that Miss Cowl wrote just as much of the play as Jane Murfin did. They collaborated on it from the start.

The two Janes became acquainted some years ago when each played a small part in David Ward's production of "The Music Master." Mrs. Murfin was then Jane Macklem, but after two months in the cast, she retired and married James Murfin, a Detroit lawyer. She was followed in the part by Bill Klein, a niece of the late Charles Klein. Miss Klein remained in the Wardfield play until

HENRY HASENPFEFFER

Moral—Never Drop a Slur Where It Can Bounce!

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL

In Fact This Hound Will Tree Anything but a Pair of Shoes!

By Vic



she married William Harris Jr., which

didn't take very long.

A BLACK APPRECIATION.

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Sunday night for the newspaper

writers.

Low Fields is playing "Bosom

Friends" in Cincinnati this week.

He will go into Chicago week after

next.

The title selected for the new play

Charles Hopkins will present at the

Punch and Judy Theatre next season

is "The Kite."

Veronica, a Hawaiian dancer, has

been engaged to do the shredded

wheat steps at the Coconut Grove.

John Cort's production of "Mother

Care's Chickens" is in Portland,

Me, doing well.

The "Submarine," a spectacular af-

fair invented by Henry de Vries, will

be a feature of the second edition of

"The Show of Wonders."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It doesn't take brains to write a

play. It takes brains not to write

one—Cunningham Pollock.

FOOLISHMENT.

I'd like to be a lawyer.

A black look in my pocket.

You dollar in my hand.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

What should an aviator wear

when flying?

"Overalls, of course."

ROPED AND TIED.

THE men engaged in cutting off

the ends of protruding ties on the

elevated railways were ex-

plicitly instructed, for the sake of

innocent passers-by on the street

below, never to allow a piece of tie

to fall to the street without a rope

attached to it.

One day at the end of a tie was

sawed off the man on the job threw

the rope, tie and all into the street.

"Hy, there, what're you doin'?"

yelled an indignant foreman.

"I told me not to let anything

down to the street without a rope

attached," rejoined the man, in a

surlly tone. "Well, ain't I obeyin'

orders?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE WILL TO DO.

JIM SMITH was notoriously slow

pay. He owed quite a bill at the

grocery for pork. One day,

as his credit was becoming strained,

he walked into the grocery and said:

"Mr. Black, I want to pay you for the

pork I have had, and I want

some more."

"Certainly," said the delighted

proprietor, as he hastened to wait on

his customer.

Taking the package of pork Jim

Smith started to go.

"Wait a minute," said the prop-

rietor. "I thought you wanted to

pay for the pork."

"I do," remarked Jim, as he re-

sumed his homeward way, "but I

can't."—The Christian Herald.

TOO LITERAL.

ONE day a man who was inter-

ested in social work went into the

tenement district and, wish-

ing to see a certain man, but having

only a general idea as to where he

lived, approached a small boy.

"My boy," he asked, "can you show

me where Mr. Schmiedowit lives?"

"Yes, sir. Come right with me, sir."

The boy entered an adjacent door-

way and started to climb the difficult

stair. Up four flights he went, the

visitor breathlessly following, and

finally paused at an open door.

"This is the floor, sir," said the boy.

"Mr. Schmiedowit lives in there."

"Looks as if we had stacked up

against hard luck," remarked the

visitor, peering into the room. "Mr.

Schmiedowit doesn't appear to be

here."

"No, sir," was the rejoinder. "That

was him sittin' down on the front

doorstep when we came in."—Phila-

delphia Public Ledger.

Some of the Day's
Good Stories

WORTH THE RISK.

DEAR Auntie Mabel had sent the three Morgan children a very beautiful imitation fruit cake, made of sugar and nicely colored.

Mrs. Morgan thought they ought to be saved; the kids thought different.

"Now, you really mustn't eat them, you know," explained mother, in a last desperate effort. "They look awfully pretty, but I'm not sure that the coloring may not be dangerous. In fact," she went on, dropping her voice in an awesome whisper, "I have heard of children dying from eating colored things."

She thought that would do the trick, but early next morning she heard a sound out on the landing, and going to see who was out so early, found Elsie trotting along the passage.

"Where are you going, dear?" she asked. "It's not 6 o'clock yet."

"Going to see if Dick and Arthur are dead yet," replied the eight-year-old miss. "I'm not."—Tit-Bits.

ROPED AND TIED.

THE men engaged in cutting off the ends of protruding ties on the elevated railways were explicitly instructed, for the sake of innocent passers-by on the street below, never to allow a piece of tie to fall to the street without a rope attached to it.

One day at the end of a tie was sawed off the man on the job threw the rope, tie and all into the street.

"Hy, there, what're you doin'?" yelled an indignant foreman.

"I told me not to let anything down to the street without a rope attached," rejoined the man, in a surlly tone. "Well, ain't I obeyin' orders?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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as his credit was becoming strained, he walked into the grocery and said:

"Mr. Black, I want to pay you for the pork I have had, and I want some more."

"Certainly," said the delighted proprietor, as he hastened to wait on his customer.

Taking the package of pork Jim Smith started to go.

"Wait a minute," said the proprietor. "I thought you wanted to pay for the pork."

"I do," remarked Jim, as he resumed his homeward way, "but I can't."—The Christian Herald.

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doorstep when we came in."—Phila-

delphia Public Ledger.

HORSES WERE SMALL.

FOR the fortieth time the second-hand motor car had broken down and the driver and his friend stood eying it in silent desperation.

"Didn't the man who sold you this thing tell you it was a twenty-horse-power engine?" asked the latter presently.

"He did," said the owner of the derelict with a murderous look in his eye.

"Well, it seems sort of weak to me," "Does it?" retorted the motorist in tones of condensed coldness. "You see, I wasn't there when they worked it out, but remember that some horses are a good deal stronger than others."—Philadelphia Record.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

JOHN'S father kept a candy store, and the little fellow often carried candy to school to divide with the other children. One morning the teacher noticed a strong smell of peppermint and began to investigate in order to stop eating during school hours. Unable to detect the culprit, she bent over small John and whispered:

"John, have you any candy?" "No, ma'am," he replied.

"Have any of the other boys any?" "No, ma'am."

As she turned away he touched her hand and said, "I will bring you some at noon."—Ladies' Home Journal.

NO CHANGE IN SHYLOCK.

AN old woman who lived in the country recently visited some friends in the city. During her stay she was taken to see "The Merchant of Venice," a play she had witnessed more than thirty years before, and which she had always had a strong desire to see again. Calling next day, a friend asked her how the previous night's performance compared with that of thirty years ago.

"Well," she replied, "Venice seems to have smartened up a bit, but that Shylock is the same mean, grasping creature that he used to be."—Vancouver World.

ENCOURAGING ENTERPRISE.

CERTAIN youthful billiard marker was recently informed by his employer that he would have to be more careful in the matter of chalk.

"Can't help it, sir," replied the marker. "I knows the gent's war' pockets the chalk, but they're reg'lar customers, and you wouldn't like me to offend 'em, would you, sir?"

"Well—no," was the reply; "but you could give them a gentle hint, you know."

The marker promised to do so, and a day or two later, on observing a player pocket a piece of chalk, he approached the culprit and remarked:

"You'll excuse me, sir, but are you connected in any way with the milk trade?"

"Well, yes," was the reply. "What of it?"

"I thought so," rejoined the marker, "by the amount of my chalk you carry away. My boss likes enterprise, and he told me to give you a hint that if you wanted a bucket of water now and again you could have one with pleasure."—Tit-Bits.

PERSUADED.

"DID I understand you to say that this lad voluntarily confessed to playing tru-

ant?" asked a school attendance

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By Jack Calkins

Grown-ups Don't Always Couple "Safety First" With "Efficiency!"

THEY USED TO SEND YOU UP TO BED SO YOU WOULDN'T HEAR THE GOSSIP!

YES! AN' YOU CAN'T SAY A THING IN FRONT OF HIM - BUT IT'S ALL OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

THANK GOODNESS THAT KID'S GONE TO BED - HE'S THE NOISIEST YOUNGSTER! HE'S ALL EARS!

HE'S WORSE THAN AN OLD WOMAN! NOW WHAT WERE YOU SAYIN' MRS. BROWN?

AFTER A HARD DAY, PETE WOULD HAVE APPRECIATED A SEAT IN THE CAR.